AN

ELEGY

On the Death of

JAMES, Duke of *BERWICK*,

Who was Kill'd one the 11th of *April*, N. S. in a Battle fought between him and the Earl of *Galway*, near *Aryo de Puerci* in *Spain*, where the *French* and *Spaniſh* Army were totally Defeated by the Confederate Forces.

ALas what diſmal News of late affrights
Not *France* and *Spain* alone but *Jacobites*,
Who with dejected Countenances tell
Berwick a Sacrifice to *England*'s fell;
He, who has long an out-law'd Traytor been,
To Death has paid a Ranſome for his Sin;
Of Fighting in behalf of one that Sought
His Countrey's Ruine, and contriv'd to've brought
The *Engliſh* to wear wooden Shoes, like thoſe
Who durſt not *Gallick* Tyranny oppoſe.
Now Papiſts all your publick Chappels drench,
Till Tears the Flames of Purgatory quench,
But you that can't cry, yet wou'd ſeem to weep,
Your Handkercheifs in holy Water Steep,
Howe're I ſay you may preſerve your Tears,
And ſave for better Purpoſes your Pray'rs,
Than think they'll ſend this baſe-born Gen'ral
From *Limbos Patrum* up to Heaven Gate, (ſtrait
Fot he who durſt againſt his Queen Rebel,
No other Room can have than whats in Hell.
As Famous as the *Boyn* be that ſame place,
Where *Berwick* met his Ruin and Diſgrace,
But very well his ghaſtful ſhade may pay
Reſpect to the Renowned *Galloway*,
VVhoſe ſword afforded him a Nobler Fate,
Than he had found, had he unto our ſtate
Been Priſoner ſent, for as he 'ttainted ſtood,
An Ax the Hangman had Dy'd in his blood.
Ah Death! had'ſt thou rhis Office ſooner done,
VVhen firſt of all he for the *Tyler's* ſon
Drew ſword, or took him but a Year ago
You'd took away a moſt un-generous Foe,
VVho as was he Fool-hardy more than ſtout,
Sometimes might give an Enemy the Rout,
By having twice or thrice their ſtrength and then
Inhumanly he murder'd Captiv'd men,
But now his Villany is at at an end,
And ſurely the Confederates ſcar'd the Fiend,
Whoſe courage made his trembling Front for fear
Turn back in haſt, to fall behind the Rear,
VVhilſt Files obſerv'd no diſtance and his Ranks,
For want of wings to Cover the gaul'd Flanks,
Like the poor Philiſtines for ſafety fled
When David ſtruck off great Goliah's Head.
Poor Wretch! indulg'd to *Pride* and Ignorance,
To be a Favourite to the Court of *France*,
Wou'd baſely ſerve a Tyrant that is known
To be a Whore's-Bird too; altho' a Crown
Thro' *Richlieu's Policy* adorns his Head:
But unlamented *Berwick* now is Dead,
And never will an Army lead again
To ſettle an uſurping Brat in *Spain*.
Thus Renegadoes very juſtly fare,
Whoſe brazen'd Impudence and Treaſon dare
Oppoſe the Wrath of *Anna*, who'll defend
Diſtreſſed *Chriſtendom*, and ſtand her Friend,
Till *Peace* in Triumph rides thro' *Germany*,
The *Spaniſh* Realm, and ſhatter'd *Italy*;
So *Lewis* all this while does ſtrive in vain
O're greater *Princes* than himſelf to Reign.

THE EPITAPH.

HEre lies a Duke, and no Duke, we may ſay
Becauſe by Law he was degraded here;
But when to France the B-----d ran away,
He wou'd forſooth retain his Title there.
Now you that here paſs by, let not your Eyes
Shed Tears ſince he was wet too much before,
For having learnt the French Kings cruelties,
Too much his Fury ſhedded humane Gore.

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